

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY. PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

VOL. II.—No. 5. [E. V. WILSON.] ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9, 1875. [LOMBARD, ILL.] WHOLE No. 31.

A GRAND POEM BY WHITTIER.

At the commemoration services recently held on behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the life and character of the late Hon. Charles Sumner, an oration was delivered by George William Curtis, of New York, and a poem read from John G. Whittier, of which the New York Times says:

"The time may come when the noble lines of Whittier will be Charles Sumner's surest passport to an immortality of fame. To have died worthy of such a lament is a distinction reserved for but few statesmen in these days. The poem will do more than anything which has been said or written about Sumner to keep fresh the power of his example, and to commend to the imitation of all time the glory of a great work nobly done. As a sample of poetic art, Whittier's elegiac verse will take a high rank among that class of poems, at the head of which stand Milton's 'Lycidas,' Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' and Burns' 'Lament for Glencairn.'"

WHITTIER'S POEM.

"I am not one that has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a free-man by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied."—*Milton's Defense of the People of England.*

O mother State! the winds of March
Blow chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,
Once more the flag is half-way hung,
And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
Have come a simple wreath to lay,
Superfluous, on a grave that still
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take with awe the task assigned;
It may be that my friend might miss,
In his new sphere of heart and mind,
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send;
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of his friend.

What hath been said, I can but say:
All know the work that brave man did,
For he was open as the day,
And nothing of himself he hid.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said, "Break thou these yokes; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered, "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
His own exceeding great reward.

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same,
As, through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong light-house lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

No wall was in his voice—none heard
When treason's storm-cloud blackest grew—
The weakness of a doubtful word,
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare;
When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his like a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,
The venal crew that schemed and planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
The spurning of that bribeless hand!

If than Rome's tribunes stateruler
He wore his Senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave
The vast contempt his manhood felt,
He saw a brother in the slave—
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he? If his presence kept
Its grandeur where'er he trod,
As it from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and demi-god.

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain;
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the lore he knew?

Was he not just? Was any wronged
By that assured self-estimate?
He took but what to him belonged,
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,
And scan with care the written page,
Through which he still shall warn and wake
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah! who shall blame him now because
He soiled that his hours of pain?
Should not the overworn thrasher pause,
And hold to light his golden grain?

No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went;
Small play of fancy lightened toil:
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the art that hints
A beauty veiled behind its own;
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
The glad relief by Nature brought;
Her mountain ranges never turned
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech,
The pine grove whispered of his theme;
Where'er he wandered, rock and beach
Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
And left from youth to silvered hair
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without;
Oh Nature, make the last amends;
Train all thy flowers his grave about,
And make thy singing birds his friends!

Revive again, thou Summer rain,
The broken turf upon the bed!
Breathe, Summer wind, thy tenderest strain
Of low, sweet music overhead!

Nor cant, nor poor solicitudes,
Made weak his life's great argument;
Small leisure his for frames and moods,
Who followed duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound;
The truths he moulded into law,
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His State-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust;
Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge, "Is it just?"

And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave;
In that last pang of martyrdom,
His care was for the half-free slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven
Whose mercy to the suffering poor
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be taught,
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,
O Mother, from thy son, not long
He waited, calmly, in his place,
The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved
The one brief lapse, the single blot;
Forgotten be the stain removed,
Her righted record shows it not.

The lifted sword above her shield
With jealous care shall guard his fame,
The pine-tree on her ancient field
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
And from her pictured Pantheon
His grand, majestic face looks down.

O State, so passing rich before,
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at Sumner's name!

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THAT HOLLOW GLOBE.

BY PROF. P. VAN HYATT.

(Continued from our last.)

In 1815, the sun was obscured, and the streets and houses in Java were strewn with ashes from Tomboro, in Sumbawa, a distance of three hundred miles. They were found floating in the ocean to the west of Sumatra, a distance of more than one thousand miles, forming a stratum two feet thick, through which vessels with difficulty forced their way.

In 1819, a town and large tract of country were submerged at the mouth of the river Indus; but at the same time a tract of land, fifty miles in length and, in some parts, sixteen in breadth, was elevated above the plain. The inhabitants named it Ulluah Bund—Mound of God.

A large extent of the coast of Chili, in 1822, was elevated from one to seven feet. The coast of Sweden has been gradually rising for many years, near Stockholm, at the rate of a few inches, and increasing toward the north to a few feet in a century. The southern coast of Greenland has been slowly sinking for four hundred years past, submerging old buildings and islands.

So late as 1831, a new island appeared near Sicily, in the Mediterranean, rising to the height of two hundred and twenty feet. After exhibiting volcanic phenomena for some time, it disappeared. In some instances, such islands are composed mainly of the rocks which form the bottom of the sea, and which have been upheaved. Such was New Kamenoi that rose in 1807, and which was composed partly of limestone, and covered with living shells. Others of their class, that have been upheaved in the far forgotten periods of this world's strange history, are Hawaii, containing four thousand square miles of surface, and is eight thousand thousand feet above the level of the sea; Teneriffe, thirteen thousand feet high; Iceland, Sicily, Bourbon, St. Helena, the Madeira, Fa- roe, and the Azore islands, a great part of Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and Japan.

The volcano of Isalco, in San Salvador, Central America, now from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high, has arisen within the

last eighty years, and covers a tract of land which once constituted a fine estate.

California is noted for the frequency of its earthquakes, and is marked by evidences of terrible volcanic forces at every step. The Coast Range of mountains has been thrown up from the bottom of the sea. The abundance of salt water shells found upon the loftiest peaks attest the truth of this. The whole Range is composed of shells, ashes, and decomposed vegetable mould.

When boring the artesian well at Stockton, to supply the city with water, at the depth of two hundred and eighty-four feet, a redwood tree, four feet in diameter, was bored through. A similar instance occurred in Santa Clara last March, and at nearly the same depth. Near Santa Rosa are the ruins of a city that has been destroyed by an earthquake at some epoch in the past of which history is silent. Within the present century California alone has experienced one hundred and eighty-five earthquake shocks, some of them violent.

Our record is very imperfect, beginning with the year 1800 and including each year up to 1812, then again beginning with 1850, leaving thirty-eight years of which no record is made. Deducting these unrecorded years, it gives an average of about five shakes to the year. A tremendous shock occurred at San Francisco, Oct. 8, 1865, extending inland, destroying property by the million. In March, 1872, the noted Inyo earthquake took place. This was high up in the Sierras, toward the southeast of California. The earth was violently agitated for a week, then gradually subsided, and by the middle of April was again at rest. During these convulsions, seams opened in the earth, and one part was elevated six feet, and at other points slipped by, making a jog in the road of seventeen feet; something of the circular motion, as at Calabria, in Italy.

The shaking up of the island of St. Thomas, a few years ago, the late terrible freak of Skaptan Jokul, and the recent appalling earthquake in South America, show the unceasing activity of this internal force. Hundreds of manifestations of minor importance are overlooked, and many of vast extent are recorded only by the geologist, as taking place when the elements were churned together.

From the foregoing facts we infer that the earth was first a mere vapory mass, floating in space, analogous to the comet that eclipsed the moon. In process of untold centuries its mass became more dense, and also intensely heated, as was the comet of 1843. This liquid mass of fire, with increase of years, gradually eliminated its excessive heat until a crust was formed. For untold ages this crust was broken up at intervals, by the pent-up forces ejecting volumes of the molten mass, mingling fragmentary portions of the rock already formed and the lava in one heterogeneous mass. Often was this breaking up process repeated. Even after the formation of water upon the earth's surface, the crust was rent in twain, and the conglomerate ball was churned together, grinding the rocks to powder, thus forming soil that aided in perfecting the crust.

There is no such thing as a hollow body of gas, steam, or vapor. The rain-drop is not hollow, and when frozen to hailstones no hol-

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUBUQUE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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Our readers will please remember the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists meeting at Belvidere, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of October, 1875. You will remember that the motto of this Convention is, "The Voice of the People is the Voice of God."

Remember that this is the only Convention in America whose platform is free, and where free speech is tolerated. Remember that this Convention is not in the interest of the *R.-P. Journal*, the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly*, the *Banner of Light*, *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* or any other organ, clique, or party, but in the interests of humanity.

Remember that the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists are thoroughly independent. We have always rented and paid for our hall, paid our bills.

Remember, we will to the best of our ability, care for all; but let all remember to come with blankets, buffalo robes, comforters, and overcoats. Remember to bring with you baskets well filled with provisions; bring bread, butter, cheese, cooked fowls, boiled and roast meats.

Remember that you forget your prejudices and leave them at home; bring with you reason, truth, and justice.

Remember that the officers and trustees of this Association are all of them married men and women, and not one of them keeps a mistress, and all of them live in peace at home, with wife and husband and law, and believe in monogamy under just regulations.

Don't fail to come to the Belvidere Convention.

WHAT IS RIGHT.

To-day we struck from our subscription book two hundred and eighteen subscribers, who gave us their names for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, promising to pay us on receipt of Nos. 1 and 2, one year's subscription. This they have not done. Why? It is not because they do not like our paper, for they have taken it out of the office regularly, read it, and lent it to their neighbors.

"How do you know?"

From the fact that their neighbors have sent us subscriptions from places where we had non-paying subscribers, remarking, "Mr. So-and-So lent me his paper, and I like it so well I am a subscriber hereafter." Is this right? We answer, No, it is not. Let us reverse the case.

Suppose we had taken pay of these subscribers and suspended after three months; then what? We fancy there would have been a howl that would have affected our Spiritual Rome; they would have shouted louder than Spartacus and his followers, at the gates of Rome.

Well, we have kept our word at a great sacrifice, have embarrassed ourselves, working day and night to meet our bills, and feed you with Spiritual food.

It is well; you have our paper and we have your promise to pay. We have paid the printers, the mails, the paper manufacturer; you have not paid us. Come to time, send us up two dollars and twenty cents, in all \$479.60, and remember, every one of you, that if we fail to continue the publication of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, it will be through our subscribers not paying as they agreed.

We have four hundred subscribers whose time expires with Nos. 30, 31, 32, and 33. Will you on reading this, be kind enough to remit us \$1.10 at once? Do not delay. We need it.

Subscribe for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. Do it at once, and read every word of it, for it is the best Spiritual paper in America. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

We call upon the Spiritualists of the West to join us in calling an Inter-State Convention, to meet in Chicago, in January, 1876. The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will furnish hall and make every arrangement required for the meeting. Let us hear from all the Western States. Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

"PUBLISH MY ARTICLE ON GOD, OR STOP MY PAPER."

We had supposed that our readers knew us well enough to fully understand that we pay no attention to threats. We cannot be driven an inch. We will do what is right, as we understand the right, and we will do nothing else.

We are resolved to deal justly with our correspondents, and will stop papers whenever time is up, or when ordered to do so, but never under a threat will we publish an article, no matter how much merit there may be in the article.

It is a pleasure for us to publish well-written articles from our opponents, and will give place to such articles in preference to an article of equal ability from one who agrees with us. We cannot learn of those who think as we do as readily as from those who differ with us. We learned more in a discussion with Prof. Braden or Dr. Moor, than in reading the works of Davis or Tuttle.

And now we wish it distinctly understood that our paper is not a political one, and we do not care to enter the field of political disputation, save in that which concerns our Schools and our Religion. The financial and political affairs of state are foreign to the religious, social, and educational affairs of life. We believe in free speech, free platform, and a free press. You have a right to read our paper, our thoughts, but we have no right to compel you to read our paper. You have a right to send us articles on any subject, but you have no right to compel us to publish or even read them, for when this right is granted to either party the other becomes the veriest slave in the world. Our defense of free speech has cost us \$10,000, and we are yet under ban in many places because of our determination to maintain free speech and a free platform.

We trust that we shall not have to refer to this matter again. Christianity says, "In our meeting only Jesus and him crucified can be preached." The *R.-P. Journal* demands that such subjects as are germane to Spiritualism only shall be discussed on the Spiritual platform. We say that all subjects germane to humanity are not foreign to Spiritualism. Who is right, and where is the difference between the *R.-P. Journal* and Christianity?

THE MINNESOTA STATE CAMP-MEETING.

Its motto, "No subject but 'pure Spiritualism' discussed here." Here is the place for the "Fun is Phunney" man of the *R.-P. Journal*, also for the Professor who sells Hair Restoratives made under the direction of Spirit chemists, and goes bald-headed. For the doctress who is inspired from Dunglison's Practice of Medicine; for those mediums who speak in unknown tongues, for Spiritual photography, materialization, finding oil-wells, counseling men and women on business matters, looking up lost property, discovering tobacco antidotes, teaching how to cook pork and beans according to the St. Charles receipt, or reading Dr. Swing's old sermons after the manner of the Dubuque Camp-meeting, or traveling around the world, after the manner of J. M. Peebles and Dr. Dunn, or ringing the changes on the notes of a borrowed piano, according to Shepard, or furnishing coffee, tough beef, bread and butter at fifty cents a meal.

N. B. All spirits and mortals are hereby forbid speaking on *minor* subjects, such as the social question, the marriage contract, woman mistress of herself, the family united in spirit life, progression here and hereafter, how shall we live here that we may live well hereafter? It is to be hoped that Giles B. Stebbins will be on hand to abuse Woodhull, Severance, and Moses Hull; but they must not think of having the right to reply, that will be contrary to our Pope's order.

This Convention pledges itself to pure Spiritualism, and no subject foreign to this pledge will be tolerated on its platform.

The man who loves the truth and always tells it, can be relied on as a Spiritualist, in soul if not in profession.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A SPIRIT LETTER.

BRO. WILSON: We need *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* in the cause of Humanity; we greet you as one who has ever been faithful and true. We were with you in 1867 when, with armor on, you fought the battle of free speech in Cleveland; we were with you when the power of the press was brought to bear on the minds of the people. We were with you and sustained you when the many went back on you, through misrepresentation, and we are with you now, in this your struggle for the right, and in that day when your companion will be prostrated, from this public abuse and foul slander, when everything is dark and your soul is vexed, we will be with you and you shall succeed. We will then demonstrate our presence, and carry you and yours safely through the fiery trials before you, guiding you safely on the way to the final end.

The power of thy enemies shall be broken and utterly fail; but to help you as we wish, you need to follow our directions to the letter. Ere the sun sinks to rest this day go to the abode of thy daughter, and in the name of the Grand Master of our band, call a circle or extra meeting of the brothers and workers in the Eternal Order of Progress, for there is work to do. Forget thy weariness, trouble, and sorrow, remain passive, and we will by uniting our forces gain power to help you in this your hour of trial. Our subordinate workers must act in harmony, for we cannot work outside of law. We know whereof that we would do, and need your individual co-operation to concentrate our forces in order to defeat the common enemy, who has been reinforced for the coming fight; but if you will follow out our plans, we will defeat them with their own weapons, thus bringing many into the fold of truth that have been prison-bound and held to do the will of those who have not the star of progression on their foreheads.

Brother, we will show unto thee our power, by your complying with our demands, and your eyes shall be opened, your brain illuminated with the light that is soon to dawn upon the world, even as we showed to Veda, at a great cost. So anxious are we to establish this fact that we will lift the veil ere the sun goes down another day, and you shall see the wondrous working of the law of nature in its divinity. Then come with one accord, in one place, with minds passive to receive the light, for it is our desire to benefit humanity. We come to give you light, and the light shall make you free. This light is from the Temple of Science, where those scientists whose souls were in this work on earth, and who are yet studying into the mysteries of life and its occult forces, that they may send their thoughts to humanity through their will power, thus acting on the mind of some that they may take up and carry on with them these great truths, and demonstrate the laws of life, thus using this force to establish a direct line of communication or method, whereby the higher intelligences may come into more perfect rapport with those of earth, and in this way impart knowledge more direct than can now be done, through the inharmonious media of to-day; thus hasten on the glorious day of the new era, in which this force or law will be more perfectly understood; then much that has hitherto seemed obscure and impossible shall be possible and as plain as day.

We have made several attempts to demonstrate this power, and must succeed. We can use the feminine nature or organism at first better than the male, for by the soul power of intuition, and in the creative order of the Infinite, woman stands nearer and is in closer rapport with the law than man, by legitimate right under the law as perfected and understood; but of this we will speak some other time. But this much we say to thee, our chosen Brother, to aid in this great work. Understand the law of control, place woman where she belongs—the sacred mother and partner of Deity and Law in the creative life force. By doing this you will come in rapport more fully with the Circle of Light, and thus be advanced some degrees higher in the Order of Progress, and the truths of nature as they were from the beginning, shall be made manifest to you and others, working in our cause.

If, then, our voice thou dost heed, you shall know our presence by the increase of power upon thee, and this shall be a token unto thee—a flash of light, like the lightning, shall play before your eyes, and the power will come to thee as of olden time, and prophetic visions

dawn upon thee, that you may show unto others the better way. Thinkest thou that thine elder brother, Jesus, knew not the law in force combined, as with Mary, Martha, and others, pure and good, the magnetic chain was wrought upon which angels could descend and directly act upon him, thus enabling him to give forth the truth which ever since has been in operation; but so trusted over with theological inanity that they have not been known, but now from the scientific standpoint shall be made as clear as day, how male and female are required to form a perfect battery, hence, together thou and thy mate should be, in order to work more harmoniously; therefore, we pray thee lend thine ear to our voice, heed our advice, and we will make you free.

Thus we come and with you work for humanity; thus we control Veda's hands, and will write through her our thoughts from the Circle of Light to our Brothers and Sisters in earth life.

JOHN.†*

To THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

2d day of the 7th month of the 28th year of the New Era.

REMARKS.—We publish the above communication from the fact that it was prophetic, and has been literally fulfilled. Farmer Mary gave way, and was prostrated through the bitterness of our enemies. We have won two great moral victories, and one financial one, over our Judas and foe. We are rapidly winning back our old vantage ground, and ere 1876 hath passed away we will be justified before the people, and the truth shall make us free indeed.

The flash of light came, we saw it and heard the voice, we obeyed, and the victory is ours.

And now, Spiritualists, we call upon you to be true to your faith, for the hour of battle now is, and the centennial year of liberty must not go by and leave one soul fettered in this land of true liberty. Come then, and join the band of workers, and let us be Spiritualists at work indeed. Let us rise above error, let us be men and women who know our duty and fearlessly do it, declaring for liberty and for humanity, and all will be well.—ED.

This number of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* is a grand paper, full of good reading, and will commend itself anywhere. We are proud of our pet, and feel that our patrons are proud of this, the youngest child in the family of Spiritual papers. We are taking full two hundred subscribers a month since the 1st of August, and trust to continue it the year round and better than that. Let every honest Spiritualist and lecturer lend us a helping hand. We need subscribers, paying ones. Come to our help.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

THE TEST.

From Genoa, O., we went by rail to Norwalk; from thence to Milan, Erie Co., by carriage. Remaining over Sunday, Sept. 12, we put up at the home of Samuel, surnamed Brotherton, who is a miller by calling, and a man full of the Spirit of Truth.

We lectured here three times and gave one seance. During our stay we gave many fine tests of spirit presence, making souls glad in the knowledge of immortality, and thus adding souls to our numbers. Indeed our work was one of evangelizing.

Milan is a pleasant rural town, situated four miles north of Norwalk, on the Huron river, and some eight miles from the mouth thereof. We found an intelligent and industrious people and faithful in their advocacy of Spiritualism, although somewhat divided, through the bitter policy of some who would be rulers and popes in our midst; but thanks to *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, their power is a dead letter and the truth prevails, and peace is with us; not the peace that kills, but the peace that gives life and joy, with soul freedom. Praise be to Humanity and the army of angel men and women who, in Glory, come through the Gate Beautiful to our help. We took many subscribers to *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, who will stand by us so long as we preach the Gospel of life unto life for humanity.

The following tests were given and approved.

ed by the parties to whom given, and it rejoiceth us that we are the instrument through which the Angel world can give the evidence that man lives beyond the stroke called death.

No. 1. While speaking there came the spirit of a boy about fourteen years old, who said that he was drowned nine years ago, and that he was pushed into the river (Huron) at such a place on the opposite side.

This test was fully attested and clearly proven to be true.

No. 2. There came before us an old man, whom we fully described as at one time, about nineteen years ago, being an earnest local preacher in the community. So correctly was this soul described, that he was identified as one well known in Milan at the time referred to, twenty years ago.

No. 3. To a man. There came the spirit of a soldier, who lost his life in the service of his country. He stood by his brother, and spoke words of counsel, advising him to reform and eschew habits that were hurrying him to the grave. This was a remarkable test, in that many of his comrades were present who fully recognized this soldier spirit, as did his brother, whose soul was warned into a reform that we trust may prove lasting.

No. 4. A woman, who claimed to be the daughter of a family not present, but who lived within a named distance of the hall in which we spoke, who stated that she had been led astray by one living to-day within three miles of where we were, that she left her home for a life of shame in the city, and died by her own hand because she was forced into the life of an outcast, while the man who wrought her ruin was retained in society and had the respect thereof.

"O God, how long shall woman suffer under the curse of sin, banished from society, from home, and all that she holds dear and true, for giving in trust to man her virgin love. And O how long will society tolerate her destroyer, her seducer, taking him by the hand and crowning him lord in goodness and in truth. How long, O Lord, shall these things be!"

The old man in Spirit life, whom we have described in No. 2, stepped forward and said, in reply, "Daughter, here thou art pardoned, and thy offense no longer a burden to thy soul. Thou art free now, to love as the angels love; but on earth it is not so, and there thy sex will be held responsible for every sexual offense and man will be held guiltless, so long as the people cling to the rotten creed of the Jews. The 'Thus sayeth God to Moses,' has cursed humanity to the core. And your sex cannot rise up out of its thralldom until Macauley's prophecy is true, and the last vestige of the Hebraic credal or Mosaic idea is swept from the minds of men; then will men revere a religion that will give woman her place in the army of progressive workers."

This spirit woman was not fully identified.

No. 5. To a lady came her daughter, a sweet spirit girl, stood by her side in garments of white, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, weeping for joy. We described this angel girl to full identification. It was a beautiful scene.

No. 6. The second husband of the lady last referred to came forward in the full pride of angel life. It was the immortal Dr. Reiner once more among his old friends. Well and truly did he define himself, and readily the people identified him.

No. 7. To an old man, who sat by the wall on our right and some twenty feet from us, there came a woman whom we carefully and minutely described, saying, This woman is your wife, and there is something very peculiar about her death; and while I do not like to say she committed suicide, I see that which leads me to think she contemplated it. I see a river and a woman in the water; I see that woman in spasms and on a bed, but this was before her death, sometime. There is with her the spirit of a man, who does not look like her or you, but who is very much attached to you and to her; he has been in Spirit life some thirteen or fourteen years. I do not think that he is your son or hers. We then carefully described the man and woman, saying in conclusion, What do you know of the statement, is it true or false? Answer.

The old man answered, "The woman is my wife, she was insane, and died at Saratoga. You have described her well, and all that you have told me is true. The young man I knew. He was an inmate of my family, went into the army and died there; he was a great favorite

with my wife as well as with me. All you have said of him is true. I fully identify him."

Thus we continued for an hour to give test on test, and the people, many of them believed and accepted the gospel according to Spiritualism.

On Monday morning, the 13th, we left for home, arriving at 12:06 midnight, finding Farmer Mary very low from nervous fever superinduced by the continued and murderous attacks of an unjust enmity.

On the evening of the 15th of September, we started for Saranac, via the Chicago and Michigan Lake Shore road to Grand Rapids, arriving at the Camp on Thursday, the 16th, and considering the weather, it was a right down good meeting, and very well conducted. The weather was not favorable, and reminded us of Col. Crockett's description of a northwestern equinoctial storm, "First it blew, then it thwed, then it rained, then it snowed, then it frized, and then it shined." Well, all these changes occurred, save the snow, during the days we were there.

The ground for the Camp was well chosen and well adapted to the purpose in view. It is situated on the north side of Grand river, twenty miles east of Grand Rapids and about eighty rods from the depot. The speaker's stand was well shaded by trees, and faced east. Looking down upon the people, the speakers could see all that gathered together to hear the speaking.

The people of Saranac vied with each other in ministering to the wants of all, so far as in their power lay, and we heard but little if any fault manifested during our stay.

We were housed during the meeting at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Holmes, and a pleasant home it is; we enjoyed it very much. Indeed, they did all that was required or could be done to make us comfortable and happy, and this is equally true of all the families that entertained the people during the meeting.

The speakers present were A. B. French, of Clyde, O., D. P. Barnum, of St. Johns, Mich., Mrs. A. Colby, of Indiana, and E. V. Wilson, of Illinois. Mrs. Smith, singer and guitarist, Father Stone, the Misses Shaw, furnished music during the meeting. Mrs. Parrey, late of Chicago, now of Jackson, Mich., was present with materialization. In one seance she was very successful, in her second, a failure; cause, suspicion of fraud, if not detection. We await the report of the Committee.

Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, poetess and authoress, was at the meeting and gave readings of a high order; indeed, she is a success as a reader and poet. The speaking was good and pleased all or nearly all. The complaints we heard were as follows:

"Wilson is very positive."

"Yes, a little too much so to please all."

"I don't know about that; he suits me."

"O, I am not finding fault, only he is so positive."

"True, but at the same time it is or may be required."

"It may."

"I thought he was a Free-lover."

"So did I; but he does not talk that way."

"Not much."

"Well, wait and see him in his test meetings."

"How do you like Barnum?"

"First rate, only he holds on a little too long. One gets tired after an hour and a half."

"Yes, but he is a first rate reasoner, and chock full of logic."

"I like him."

"So do I."

"French done well to-day."

"Yes, it was just splendid."

"Do you think he will wear?"

"O yes, he has been before the people for twenty years."

"His review of Spiritualism would read well in print?"

"Yes, it would."

"Why don't he write for the press?"

"I don't know."

"Well, how do you like Mrs. Colby?"

"In some things I like her, in others I do not."

"Well, I think she is good as the best."

"There is no mistake in her ability."

"But, Lord, she is more like a man than a woman."

"Yes, she is very masculine."

"Look here, what is the use of her harsh talk about God, and putting him into hell and spiking him in?"

"I don't like that."

"Neither do I; but it pleases some."

"Well, it don't please me."

"We get no favor from the Church or their God; why should we favor them or him?"

"That is so; but then, if we should happen to be mistaken and they right; what then?"

"Hell fire and in any quantity."

"Well, for that reason I propose to be a little easy on this subject."

"And play double?"

"No, not that exactly; but not abuse the Church and their God."

"You know the remedy."

"No, what do you mean?"

"Repent, confess your sins, kill somebody, and take the short-line route to Glory."

"I don't know about that, I wish I did; but then there is no need of this bitter talk."

"How do you like Mrs. Smith's singing?"

"It is good, and no one can find any fault with it."

"I agree with you, and wish we could have such music at all our meetings."

"It would be very pleasant if we could."

"What do you think of Mrs. Parrey and her materialization?"

"I think she is a confounded humbug."

(Mrs. B.) "So do I."

(Miss K.) "I am fully satisfied that she is a cheat."

(Mrs. H.) "Well, if she is a cheat and a humbug then I am not a Spiritualist. What do you think of her, Mr. Wilson?"

"I was not present at her seance last night, hence cannot form an opinion."

"Well, you have seen her in her materialization seance?"

"Yes, and wrote her up just as I saw her, and published what I thought of her, and have no reason to change my views."

(H) "But you published the Omro and Rockford accounts, and they were favorable."

"True, and I will publish any well-attested account you may send up to me, and I will publish this conversation."

"Well, Mrs. Colby says she had a reading from you once and that it was not true; hence you cheat."

"That may be. I did once read Mrs. C., it was at Cleveland, some years ago, and her answer was, as near as I can remember, as follows: 'Mr. Wilson, you do not know who I am, but I will tell you; I am Mrs. Colby. You are right in the main, but not in all the dates.' Now if that is cheating, to tell a person to her or his face what I think, see, or hear, and have that person approve or deny, then I am a cheat; but if I cheat, it is in open daylight and before your face and eyes, and you affirm the cheat or deny it."

Subsequently Mrs. Colby and Smith stood up and testified to the genuineness of Mrs. Parrey's mediumship. We are looking for a report of her seance, and trust it will be a truthful one. We believe in materialization, and have evidence that is proof positive; and while we have seen that that was fraud, we have seen the genuine. Let us have the truth and the whole truth.

The Saranac Camp-meeting was a success, and we trust that there will be many such in the West next summer. Let us work up our cause to that point where the truth and the whole truth shall be known, and we will then be masters of the field.

We spoke here three times, gave two seances, sold many books, also taking and renewing fifty-three subscribers, besides giving many fine tests. In fact, there was not a failure in the two seances. On Sunday morning, the 19th, the following conversation occurred in one of the tents, there being present over one hundred people. It was after the morning lecture there being several prominent opponents present, one of whom we were informed was a Baptist minister. After considerable conversation, pro and con, we said:

Wilson—You are a minister under the influence of the Holy Spirit and I am a minister under the influence of the evil spirit. Now let us test these spirits in their power. Let your spirit read this man's past life; tell us who he is, what he is, and what he has been.

Minister—I can't do it, nor do I pretend to do these things, and I do not believe you can.

W. You say my spirit control is evil, and of the devil; yours is good, and of God; hence, ought to be superior to ours. I will now tell you what our control impresses us with. 1. We see this man as a boy ten years old, fully describing him, place, and surroundings; 2. At 20-23 years of age a change that marked him

locally and pecuniarily; 3. Thirteen years ago there is with him sorrow, intense grief, with loss of friends, death is with him, and I see several spirit lights about him, who were once mortals, his wife and children; 4. From that time to this, this old man has been a different being, and to-day is here, a Spiritualist, earnest, honest, and true, and for the past seven years has been happy, and is happy to-day.

M. Suppose this is not so; then what?

W. But it is so; and besides I do not know this man, we will let him speak.

M. O I don't care anything about it. The man may tell or not, so far as I am concerned.

The man then said, My name is Bisbie, and I live near Lowell, and all that Mr. Wilson has said is true. At this Minister turned to leave, Bisbie took him by the collar, saying, Hold on, my friend, you shall hear me out. Mr. W. described my home when a boy at 10 years old; he then told the truth about me at 21-23 years old; and thirteen years ago I buried my wife and the last one of eleven children, and I was left alone in the world, with not a child or friend I could call my own. Seven years ago I married again, and have a good—hold on, you shall hear me through, for it is all of it God's truth—and have as good a wife as there is in the world, and I have a happy home and lots of money, and owe no man a cent, and it's true, every word. And now, why can't your God do as much as his Devil, Mr. Minister?

After this, we again came in contact with this minister, and gave him a fine test, which he conceded to be true.

In our seances, we gave the following tests, which were identified:

To a lady, Mrs. R. of St. John. We see with you a spirit, carefully describing her. *She is your sister*, and died a violent death. She married, the marriage proved unhappy, and she, broken-hearted, took the law into her own hand and severed the bond through the logic of death. 2. There is over your head a beautiful symbol, in the form of a crescent of silvery light; there is hanging from each end of the crescent a flower, like unto a fuchsia; the one on the right is a pink toning into purple. It represents a male child. The one on the left is pale pink toning into pure white. It represents a girl. These children are yours, and are in Spirit life.

Mrs. R. replied, It is true; the woman is my sister, and in a fit of insanity committed suicide. The children are mine, two up there, waiting for me; a boy and a girl.

Again the sister came at the second seance, with words something like these: Sister, I give thee greetings to-night, blending soul love with thee from my home in the Summer-Land. The old shadow of sorrow is past forever, and my soul is full of joy. I come to thee, Sister mine, with these pets, the darlings who were thine once on a time; but now, with one other, they are mine, until claimed by you in the Summer-Land, and on that day when the mortal shall put on the immortal, we will meet at the foot of the Golden Stairs and tenderly guide thee up the royal way until we enter the Gate Beautiful, then rest to thy weary soul will come, for thy resting-place shall be in our bower of rest. Greeting, Sister, and farewell until the Golden Stairs are counted, one by one you come to us. Farewell. And the angel sister took her leave, hieing herself away to her home in the Summer-Land.

Thus for an hour and a half, two nights in succession, the angel ministrants came to the dear ones left behind, speaking words of cheer or giving counsel, or relating incidents of the past, or speaking of the present, or referring to the future. Truly, it was a season of peace to us all, an hour in sweet communion with those we love and deemed lost, but have found again. Why should we not kill the fatted calf and make merry, for these our friends were dead and live again. Touch lightly the harp, let the cymbals send forth a gentle sound, be joyous, O soul, for the dead are alive and the lost are found.

And now, readers, these tests are true; there is no terror in death to the pure in soul. Will you strike hands with us and become one of a band of true workers, sustaining THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, the only Spiritual paper in the world whose columns are not filled up with noxious advertisements. Let us band together for the right, and thus united we are strong. Selah.

All interest on money is usury, and all usury is robbery.—W. H. Riley.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE FUTURE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

When I shall die what will my feeling be?
 When I shall leave the long accustomed now,
 And death-damps hang like dew upon my brow,
 What will my spirit eyes the first thing see?
 Will it be like a dream unknown to me,
 And strange and fair with fancy's wonder wild?
 Or same as earth appeared to me a child.
 And where my soul shall dwell all gay and free?
 Strange questions spoke to soul and put to heart,
 But not so weird as former times did think.
 The soul in bud in future flower has part,
 And must from far-off suns and fountains drink:
 And so with love and faith I hear this strain,
 To die is but to sleep and wake again!

DARE.

Dare to wear a common dress.
 Till you own a better;
 Fashion's crown is but of ice,
 Debt's an iron fetter.

Dare to be an honest woman,
 Though you use a towel;
 Even with a scepter in her hand
 A slattern must ever grovel.

Dare to be a gentle woman,
 In all ways truly gentle;
 Though you possess no palace home,
 Possess no queenly rental.

Dare to seem just what you are,
 Dare to do your duty;
 And you shall wear upon your brow
 Woman's noblest crown of beauty.
 —Selected.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A COMMUNICATION.

BY M. B. CHAMBERS.

Sept. 4, 1875.

E. V. WILSON: I have often thought of penning you a few lines, but as often neglected to do so. To begin, *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* makes its fortnightly visit with becoming regularity. I always keep in the front, or in other words, do not fear to have it lying around loose; but it may be found lying in the parlor, sitting-room, kitchen, or office, where it is sure to meet the eye of the visitor. Sometimes its presence calls forth words of condemnation; again, words of approval.

As yet, I have been unable to send you any subscribers, although I have loaned to some of my friends to read, and from some of them it is well spoken of, as it justly deserves to be. I trust, after a time, to send you a subscriber or two.

About six miles from here, at the house of Sam'l Ludwick, there was a man by the name of Edmond D. Keen, a medium, claiming Philadelphia as his home, holding circles and seances, commencing with test circles, finally changing into dark or materializing circles, and for a time, as I learn, quite well attended, through invitation of the spirits. They continued to be held for some three months, creating quite a stir in this section; but in the end destined to be pronounced a fraud through one of our county papers, the only paper daring to notice it.

I was, by invitation, present at one of the light circles, at which many spirits were described, the medium frequently giving names or parts of names, recognized; also delivering messages to some of the sitters from their friends passed on. This being the only one I was allowed the privilege of attending, although there were many held subsequent; I had, however, an invitation to attend a dark circle, but on the evening it was to be held, I received a notice to remain away, they claiming the spirits had balloted me out, as was claimed, on account of my skepticism. This, to me, was a singular freak for the all wise spirits to be guilty of, for this reason, I knew that upon that same evening, as well as on several subsequent ones, there were persons claimed to be balloted for and admitted, who are confirmed skeptics, and do not deny it; while upon my part I deny the accusation; that I am not a confirmed believer I admit. I am open to conviction, and embrace every opportunity to learn more concerning Spiritualism. I take and read *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, the *R.-P. Journal*, besides occasional copies of the *Banner of Light*, as well as several works on the subject. I only await the evidence, and as soon as conviction comes shall not fear to avow it. I am not of the milk-and-water kind, and not a few unpleasant remarks have I already heard in my having to do with the devil and delusion, as Spiritualism is styled by the knowing ones.

Again to the circle at Ludwick's; as I am informed by those who were admitted, as many as eight or ten spirits would appear of an evening, of various sizes and ages, differing in sex and dress, from the child in the mother's arms to the old gray-headed man or woman.

There is one thing in connection with Mr. Keen I wish to mention that differs materially from any other medium of which I have any knowledge, that is, he requires no cabinet, as I am informed. The visitors sit in circle with hands joined, the medium lies upon a sofa or settee in the same room, no light allowed, except in the hall opposite the door at which the spirits enter, so that when the door is open any object in the door stands between the sitters and the light. Mr. Ludwick says his daughter in spirit came in and played the piano; a visitor says Mr. Ludwick's son-in-law, (spirit,) upon being asked if he could crack his fingers, did so to perfection, and with both hands. This was said to be a good test, as that was a performance at which he was quite clever while in the form.

If all that is reported as occurring there is true it almost surpasses belief. Upon one evening, David Havard, of Vally, being present, all the doors were locked, rooms examined by witnesses present, the keys being given to Mr. Havard to keep during the circle. After the circle, in a room up-stairs things were in a mixed condition, tables overturned, large heavy chest on bed, things disarranged generally, besides a pitcher from an upper room brought and placed in the lap of one of the sitters. Ladies' hair taken down, hair-pins thrown upon the floor, different persons claiming to have felt something like a hand touch them on head, face, or arms.

Mr. John Golden informs me a spirit, purporting to be his mother, appeared; he asked if he could see his little child, buried some years ago, and she replied in the affirmative. By his request she rapped the child's age at death, giving one rap for each month old—giving, I think, ten raps. This, Mr. Golden informed me, he thought incorrect, and so he told the circle. Subsequently, however, upon referring to the record, he found the number of raps given was right.

Many more things I might report, but not knowing that a recital would be interesting to you, besides not having seen for myself, I cannot speak with that same positiveness, had I myself witnessed these things. I have, however, confidence in the persons relating them, or at least can see no possible reason why they should misrepresent, as it could not benefit them one particle.

I will now close by saying that just previous to the medium's departure an exposé came out in the *Chester County Archives*, written by a person, balloted for as a non-skeptic of course, who went there, as he claims, with the full intention of exposing it as an imposture. He tells the people he engaged three persons to watch upon the outside, while he was making note of what occurred inside. The outside party say three persons came in carriage, two of whom entered the second-story window, don't know how, but supposes by a hinged ladder.

Mr. Ludwick denies. He says the windows were down, with three slips of paper under the sash, so that in the event of the window being raised, being a windy night, the paper would be blown away. There were also shutters to windows, which he took the precaution to shut and bolt. After the circle, windows and shutters were found closed, and also the paper in its place.

Outside parties say persons entered first floor by a certain door. In order to do so must pass on porch before it.

Mr. Ludwick says, impossible; reason, he had bran sprinkled on floor. After circle, he examined, but found no footprints. It being a wet, stormy night it would be out of the question for persons to have entered without leaving some evidence of their visit.

Exposer says spirit relative came in the door past him, had a gauzy dress on, representing a woman; could see beneath a pair of boots with cork soles tied on to deaden the sound; fly of pants plainly visible, also knee caps of pants extended from much sitting. Says spirit "Imminent danger pending." He asks, "How shall I avert it?" Answer, "Fly to our medium." Thus, says he, the great mystery was explained.

I neglected to say, no money was asked for attending the seances, and herein lay the great trouble. What inducement, since no money was asked, for deception? But now the secret was out—Take a private sitting, for which, he says, a fee of twenty or twenty-five dollars was required. And yet he tells Mr. Ludwick he was only charged *two dollars*, and was perfectly astounded at the revelation made to him,

and which he says was known to none but himself and wife.

Thus you see, these different statements do not jingle. I not being admitted, cannot decide further than to say, I feel satisfied that Mr. Keen is a medium for certain phases, whether materializing is one of them is a question, for in it it appears most of our exposures comes. I yearn for positive evidence, but receive it not. Exposure appears to be the order of the day. I do not intend to give up the ship yet, for truth in it there must be, notwithstanding it seems so clouded in mystery, and hounded all over the country as a stupendous humbug and juggling fraud. Perhaps the day is not distant when Spiritualism may be able to free itself from the disreputable tricksters that are now feeding on its very vitals.

I have now exceeded my intention when I sat down to write, and feel compelled to close, wishing you abundant success in the undertaking you are engaged in, promising, if acceptable to report as best I can, anything that may occur in my neighborhood relating to Spiritualism. With my best wishes I am respectfully yours.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE ORIGIN OF MANKIND.

BY T. H. STEWART.

The three theories now prevalent as to the origin of the human race, may be considered as follows:

1. The Transmigration or Re-incarnation, Pagan, Bible, and Spiritualist Theory.
2. The Darwinian or Ascendant Theory, by Evolution unrolling substance.
3. The Eternal Entity Spontaneous Production, or Cycle Theory.

The Pagan Theory of transmigration of soul spirit, or life of mankind, from one animal or human being to some other animal or human being.

The Bible plainly teaches that the soul or spirit is an entity, separate from substance, and at some periods united with matter. In Genesis, God is said to have breathed into man, and he became a living soul.

In Ecclesiastes, the spirit of the beast goeth downward and the spirit of man upward.

"Then shall their dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Spiritualists who believe in the Re-incarnation Theory, claim that the spirit or soul is a separate something from the body, or from matter, and that it is re-incarnated or robed in flesh and disrobed again, which is virtually Pagan transmigration, or a Bible or Theological resurrection of the body.

If God is separate from substance, how does he fill immensity?

All space is full of substance, either in ether, gas, nebula, or solids. If God is not the life of substance, always connected with it, will some wise philosopher tell us what God is, and when he entered substance? Also, if spirit or soul is not the life of substance, always interblended with it, will our modern knowing ones tell us when spirit or soul enters matter or substance? Does the spirit or soul enter the body of mankind in embryo, at birth, at one year old, or at what period of life here on earth?

Next, Darwinism so called, other forms our forms supply. Mankind are the ascendants from lower forms of animals down to dust, water, and air, up into the Azote, starting in Nitrogen gas, evolving or going round a circle back to the starting place of the Azotic condition. As argument can be met with some kind of argument, Darwinism is met by theologians and many others, especially Re-incarnationists.

But we claim Darwinism will stand untouched or unscathed, unless the eternal entity or spontaneous germ-cell theory is established, proving mankind's individuality in the past, the present, and in the future, running in eternal grooves or cycles, ever onward.

If God became as a spirit, a re-incarnated being called Jesus Christ, the son of Mary, then all human beings are re-incarnated sons of God, or very Gods, by virtue thereof.

And animals, possessing instinct, intuition, or qualities in many respects superior to mankind, why are they not Gods, or spirits incarnate or re-incarnate? As mankind are often below some animals, physically and intellectually, especially at birth, when we are the most insignificant of all animals born.

As in Geology, mankind are found in fossil in the stratas of the earth next above the

mammal, or the animal that gave suck to nourish its young, in the Tertiary period. As at birth sometimes mankind are hybrid or hermaphrodites, part human and part animal, Darwinism has many proofs in natural science to sustain it.

But our special selection, or eternal germ-cell entity, gives us sweet consolation in hope of a blessed continued immortality. Every thing existing in the great universe of nature is a speciality, ever has been, and ever will be. It may change in form, shape, size, or color. It may be a diversity in unity or variety; but its entity in the germ-cell, or in the embryo, in the child or in the man or woman, or in the conditions in the future, ever onward, we will be ourselves, and not some other animal or human being.

If God, spirit, soul, substance, or matter, signify the same great whole of everything, then we accept the theory as tangible or reasonable to common sense. As matter is eternal, force eternal, and life eternal, and these three are one, and in three united, as a compound, forming everything, either principle of matter, force, or life, never was an abstract or separate from the other two qualities or properties. The molecule or monad is a living entity, eternal in its duration. Immortality or individuality no more belongs to mankind than to every other being that exists.

In summing up our argument, we claim the Spirit world, or the human family continued in the next cycle, or in the eternity of cycles, past or future, will be a speciality, and each individual will be a continued entity, no two absolutely the same at any period or time, or else Materialism, so-called, is true, Individualism or entity is swallowed up in its primordial condition, again to unfold or to be worked over into some other entity or being, as God or Nature may direct in the future.

But believing in eternal entity, or special selection of germ-cells, ever onward, we remain firm in the knowledge of Immortality and Individuality of being.

Kendallville, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ANSWER TO MR. SHERMAN.

BY A. B. CHURCH.

Minds differ, Mr. Sherman, and sneers, invective, and calling my efforts in the interest of and search for all truths possible, "miserable twaddle," is not honorable nor gentlemanly! Were it not that you might infer by silence you had squelched me, I should be silent. Had you offered any evidence or argument for your slurs, the case would be different. I shall not notice them in the future, therefore indulge in spleen to your heart's content.

It is silly for a reasonable man to allude to the idea that "belief could alter the truth"!

Allusions to "spirits" are your own, not mine! Sharp logic, to assert "matter is every where," and then wish to know of what made, and "how spirit could produce something." I made no pretense of knowing.

It is false to charge me as "in one breath to assert a thing, and in the next deny it." Shame on you.

I said nothing about "GHOST or Virgin," and view it as "miserable twaddle" in you to offer such for reply.

Life has possibly existed coeval with all the matter of this earth, and has "inherent" qualities we are ignorant of. As we cannot comprehend life, the essence or quality, I think you would manifest more wisdom to own this fact, than to attempt to instruct others of what no mortal knows.

To me, it is poor logic to think "each atom developed itself," and subsequently into "organic form," thus making the soil, rocks, minerals, water, air, sun, moon, stars, and innumerable worlds, or planets, as also *giving life and motion to all*. It does not profit to speculate, or be dogmatic in this matter.

You agree that matter is necessary for mind, hence we have *one fact* we agree on for a basis, etc.

Before you was born, your father and mother had thoughts of marrying, and its natural results, and of course "mind existed before any matter" that subsequently formed your body, and as we can reason only from facts, or a conviction of what we can conceive, thought preceded and was the cause of this world; and for proof that *thought* really and truly precedes the formation of all things, not an article that ever existed or will exist, can be produced without thought, or the action of mind, first sets the *matter* of our bodies in motion; there-

fore, thoughts or mind, if "like produces like," originate in the Spirit world, and of course are Spiritual.

Vastly more might be offered, were it not useless for your conceptions. You say I "mourn over my fate," which is untrue. Great logic and argument, to quote false, and give strange ideas in support of your assertions. Again, shame on you.

If the coat fits, in my remarks about God or Devil, put it on, for it may aid you to better direct what I should do and know, without "guessing." Although you talk as if you knew the cause of all things, yet you may possibly find you have much to learn, and that effects are truly what you esteem as the cause! Long ago I learned that titles added to any name were generally accompanied with intolerance, and never conferred any real merit; also that no better sense was manifested than common people had. Apparently to give the idea that you are of great importance, you prefix with "M. D." and "wind up" with your initials; but, sir, I never fear to speak my convictions to any mortal, no matter what his pretensions are.

Columbus, Ind., Sept. 15, 1875.

REMARKS.—These Brothers are getting personal, and hence will generate bad blood; that won't do. The great family of Spiritualists to which we belong, must remember that personalities never win; hence every effort in that direction is a two-edged sword, cutting both parties. This is the first time we have had occasion to refer to this matter of personalities and trust it will be the last; both these Brothers are able writers, and we respect them, but they must be guarded in the use of language. We write this in the spirit of love, as a member of the great family of Spiritualists at work. We do not wish to lose the contributions of these friends, and yet we had rather part with one or both than publish another article like unto these.

Remember, dear old friends, that we cannot afford to deal in the bitter, it is too expensive. We have enough to do to fight our common foe, the Church, without fighting each other. With regards for both, we remain your friend. Let THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK hear from your souls, when feeling in a better mood. We mean both of you.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE WORK IN IOWA.

MARION, IA., Sept. 2, 1875.

BRO. WILSON: The receipt of No. 28 of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK reminds me of my duty. And first, let me congratulate you on the recovery of Mrs. W. May she long remain here to give you the aid and strength that only a good wife can give.

Since my last report I have been at Bertram, Mechanicsville, Lisbon, Lyons, Camanche and Clinton, and had good success at each. Interest is being awakened in all these places, and I find the cry is very earnestly coming up from all parts of the State, "Come over and help us," and a portion of the help needed is coming in the shape of home mediums.

Owing to some misunderstanding as to her engagements in Illinois, Mrs. Parry could not be at our Grove meeting at Bertram. Dr. W. H. Andrews, of Calamus, Ia., was present, and alternated with myself in the addresses. The Doctor is a very fine Bible student, reading it in its original language, and this, with six years experience in the Baptist ministry, makes him a dangerous opponent, and his lectures drew marked attention from the audiences.

Owing to the rain on Saturday the railroads brought but few. Sunday the surrounding towns and county turned out in teams and we had a very fine gathering.

Our meeting has given the cause great impetus here; the Cedar Rapids daily giving us a good notice, and the Pilot, of this city, gives a very full abstract of Dr. Andrews' lecture on the "Resurrection," and my own on the "Signs of the Times." Our success causes me to urge the friends to arrange for Grove meetings elsewhere. No meeting can be productive of so much good at so little expense. I am ready at all times to assist in such meetings.

One incident is worth recording. During Sunday morning, the 29th ult., an Old-school physician, Dr. Burgess, of Solon, Ia., having heard me narrate the cures Mrs. A. V. Edgerton, M. D., late of Milwaukee, now of Cedar Rapids, had performed with her hands, proposed to test her powers. She consented, and at

the opening of our 5 o'clock meeting, publicly he made the statement contained in the certificate below. Mr. Simonds and Mrs. Edgerton also added their evidence in like manner. The press is reporting it, and it is creating much interest.

"BERTRAM, IA., Aug. 29, '75.

"This is to certify that at 12:30 p. m., today, I removed a cystic tumor from the lumbar region of J. L. Simonds, of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, about the size of a large hickory nut; when Mrs. A. V. Edgerton, M.D., commenced treatment of the incised wound by her wonderful magnetic power, by a laying on of hands for a period of ten minutes. Two hours after she again laid her hand on for five minutes. I immediately after made a close examination of the wound, and cicatrization had actually taken place to the extent which, under ordinary circumstances, we would not look for under a period of three days.

"E. M. BURGESS, M.D.

"I certify that the above is correct.

"J. L. SIMONDS."

And I would add that there was no bleeding, her hands at once staunching it, and not even an extra piece of linen was used.

What says skepticism to this? I will add the names of many witnesses if necessary.

The papers you sent, as per private letter, have not come to hand. Uncle Sam is not careful of the packages entrusted to him.

Have a Grove meeting at Cedar Rapids, on Sunday, the 5th; expect to be at Camp-meeting at Nashua, on the 22d, and along the railroads northwest from here till then.

Mrs. Brown and Dr. Edgerton will open an office in Cedar Rapids next week, and that will be my address till further notice.

Success to THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and to yourself in the field. Your Bro.,

CAPT. H. H. BROWN.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ELLA'S COMPLAINT.

Sept. 14, '75.

E. V. WILSON—Dear Friend: I call you friend, because I feel for all, and sympathize with you in your labors for reform. For this reason I, too, come to pour my sorrows into your ear, trusting that you will advise me as a friend, for my burden is heavy indeed.

I am now thirty years old. Twelve years ago, at the age of eighteen, I was married, and my husband died in the government service, six months after our marriage. Our little girl was born six months after his death. When she was one year old I married again; this marriage has proved the greatest mistake of my life. I was poor and ignorant, yet possessing large capacity for receiving instruction. I did not love my second husband, but I supposed he loved me. His love, like many others, is self-gratification, all of earth, earthy. He is a machinist; I knew he was very illiterate, but I thought to improve him. I taught him to read a little and to write his own name. I soon found he had no capacity for receiving a mental education.

He does not taste strong drink, is sober and industrious; but when that is said, all is said. You have seen such persons, have you not? I wish to be just in all things.

Since my marriage I sought knowledge, and feel that I have improved considerable. I now contribute verse and prose to two different papers. Have been correspondent and sketch writer for two or three papers for nearly two years. I am a member of the Methodist church but have been a Spiritualist for several years, and am growing stronger every day. I wandered long in the wilderness and have suffered much. I am very proud and very sensitive, but my pride is a self-respecting pride, bowing always before what is right and just; yet the best part of my nature has been trampled in the dust by my husband. When he could not command me to do as he wished, he drugged me into submission.

I have four children living, two dead. My last child, my little boy, (now nearly two years old), was conceived in the manner above stated. Sometimes I feel that I do not love this little one as I should, then, at other times the mother heart weeps over him in sorrowful compassion. Oh, we need to work for reform! Yet this man expects me to love and respect him!

Shall I always live this life? Is it right before God and humanity? My spirit is strong, but my health is broken. My soul pleads for freedom; can I break these galling chains? Live and labor for my two little girls; the

father will take my boys. Must I remain in this narrow home, shut away from the people I could love, go on transgressing the laws of health and nature, while the angels are calling me out into broader fields of labor?

ELLA.

REMARKS.—Ella, your case is a hard one, and yet it is your choice. You knew this man when you married him, and knowing him as wanting in taste and culture you accepted him as your husband. By him you are the mother of several children. Your complaint is, not that he does not furnish food, home, and clothing for you and your children, but that he is sensual and abuses your person. This is wrong and no possible contingency can make it right. The next question before you is, how to right this wrong you suffer. There are only two ways. The first, teach him a better way, educate him to know himself and that will learn him to respect himself, and then he will respect you. The second way is the open door of the Court-house, and for you to go in a wife and come out divorced. Any court of justice will grant you a bill on the charge you have preferred against your husband. This, however, should be your last resort. Let every other means be exhausted, then resort to the law.

You will remember, however, that the world will frown upon you and fawn upon him; that he will remain merchantable goods, while you are not. This is all wrong, yet it is the logic of society to-day.

We believe in monogamy and the marriage contract under just regulations, and hold the man a brute who coerces a woman into sexual consociation against her will. We further hold that a man has no right whatever to impose himself upon his wife, sexually, any more than if not married, and every such coercion should be treated as rape, and punished with fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of a court of justice.—ED.

NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their 13th Quarterly Meeting in Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill., commencing Friday morning, Oct. 15th, at 10 o'clock, and holding over Sunday, the 17th. Meals will be furnished in the hall, and collections will be taken up at each meal to meet the expenses of the table. Bring with you blankets, comforts, and buffalo robes, for camping in the hall. Bring with you baskets well filled with provisions for our tables.

The following speakers are expected, and may be relied on. E. T. Stewart of Ind., Mrs. Morse of Iowa, J. H. Severance, M. D., of Wis., W. F. Jamieson of Iowa, Samuel Maxwell, M. D., and E. V. Wilson of Ill., and others from various sections of the country.

Spiritualists of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Iowa, we ask you to attend this Convention. See and hear for yourselves. Our platform is a free one, and we are not afraid to hear the truth, with due regard to the use of language. The meeting will be under the direction of a Business Committee, and all persons wishing to speak before the Convention will please hand in their names to this Committee on their arrival at Belvidere.

Spiritualists, is it not time that you determined for yourselves who are true and who are not? Come, then, to this Convention at Belvidere in October, 1875, for there is work to do.

Let us call an inter-State Convention to be held in Chicago, Ill., some time in January 1876, at which we will stand for the right, whatever that may be.

O. J. HOWARD, M.D., Pres.

E. V. WILSON, Sec. McHenry, Ill.
Lombard, Ill.

When you want to present a friend a reliable token of regard, send them THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. It is the best Spiritual paper in the West, and the only Spiritual paper free from advertisements and always full of good reading matter, and positively more reliable tests published in it than any other Spiritual paper in the world.

The slanderer uses the demon's dagger, and always strikes his victim in the dark, or when his back is turned toward him. The editor who uses his paper for the vulgar purpose of slander, is an enemy to truth and a bar to progress.

Nothing is further than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR ADVERTISING TERMS.

To all whom it may concern. WHEREAS, our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, now has over seventeen hundred subscribers, and increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty each month, through our own personal efforts; THEREFORE, we now inform our friends that only two columns of our paper, on the seventh page, will be open for advertisements, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion under thirteen numbers, for advertisements containing one line and over. For all advertisements under ten lines, 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion, payment invariably in advance. All matter for advertising must be directed to Hazlett & Reed, 172 and 174 Clark Street, Chicago. No notice will be taken of advertisements not accompanied with the money.

NOTICE.

The First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cleveland meets at Temperance Hall, No. 184 Superior street, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.
L. W. GLEASON, R. Sec. D. S. CRITCHLY, Pres.

MRS. J. A. PROSCH,

33 Lafayette Place, New York. Instruction given in Poetic and Dramatic Reading; Stage business, etc. Terms moderate.

PROF. P. VAN HYATT,

Of California, will remain until the first of December. He is prepared to give a course of lectures on the "Lost Arts." Other subjects are:
1. "Inner Law of Life."
2. The World in Search of a God.
3. The Hollow Globe Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting.
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Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician. Will answer calls at a distance. Terms \$2 per treatment. Malta, Illinois.

MRS. L. A. CROCKER,

Business and Test Medium, 383 W. Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 5 p. m.

MRS. DEWOLF,

Business, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 415 West Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

J. V. MANSFIELD.

Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$2 and 4 three-cent postage stamps. Register your letters.

MRS. REBECCA MESSENGER,

104 Spring street, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., (box 1071), Clairvoyant. Diagnosis of Disease, \$1; with prescription, \$1.50; Reading Destiny, 1 hour \$1; by letter, \$1.50. Send age, sex, and money, to insure notice.

DR. C. D. GRIMES, STURGIS, MICH.,

Holds himself in readiness to speak to public assemblies of Spiritualists and Progressives, within reasonable distance. With each Lecture will be delivered an Original Poem.
Terms moderate. Address, DR. C. D. GRIMES, Box 452, Sturgis, Michigan.

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The distinguished Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, examines by lock of hair, autograph or photograph; gives advice in regard to business. Those contemplating marriage, and the inharmonious, will do well to consult the Dr., giving age and sex. Brief delineations, \$2; full delineations, with prescription, \$3. Medicine sent by express, if desired.

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Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us living truths, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

"ONLY A GIRL."

BY MRS. A. E. N. R.

Close the door carefully—muffle the tread,
Drop the soft curtains round the white bed;
A pale mother's sleeping, aye, give her rest,
See the fresh rosebud upon her white breast,
She hath struggled with pain, she has wrestled with death;
Her's is the victory; let not a breath
Awaken her slumber; hark! there's a tread
Nearer and nearer approaching her bed;
Manly his bearing—yea, noble his mien;
Lowly he bends the fair sleepers between;
Lifts the frail floweret with womanly care,
Breathlessly gazing, his lips part in prayer!
No! there's a chill in the ambient air.
Each word falls distinctly and painfully slow,
Curdling and freezing the blood in its flow;
"It's only a girl!"—a hush as of death.
For the moment suspended each listener's breath;
In the pause—the pale sleeper uplifting her eyes—
"I must have been dreaming," she said with surprise;
"I thought that a cold hand of iron clutched my heart,
While hard, cruel words, like a poisonous dart,
Pierced my soul to its core; I sprang for my babe!
'It's only a girl!' were the words I heard said,
And Elmer! Oh, Elmer! that voice was like thine;
That hand—angels spare me!—once warmly clasped mine.
As you called me more precious than ruby or pearl,
And yet it was when I was only a girl!
If a girl is thus dear, then the mother and wife
To every true man is as dear as his life!"
She clasped her cold hands o'er her hot, throbbing brow,
The blood had all rushed to that citadel now;
Then her words, quick and scathing, burned into the soul;
Emotion swayed reason beyond her control—
"It's only a girl!"—O man, in thy strength,
Know that God measures souls by their depth—not their length;
The streamlet may wind over miles of fair earth,
Yet bear on its bosom no proud ship of worth;
A man may hold kingdoms, and nations control;
What is that to the birth of one beautiful soul?
The germ in your strong arms, unfolded with care,
May, like *Harriet Homer* or *Rosa Bonheur*,
Move the world by her art, or lure it to rest
With poetry's magic, the balm of the blest;
The mission of motherhood! Man, do you dare,
With sneers stain this sanctum sanctorum of prayer!
This Holy of Holies—in this mightiest dower!
Dare to scoff at the sex in which lies this power?
Ah! where were the Monarch, the Duke, and the Earl,
Had not each a mother, once "only a girl!"
And whence came thy being, and all the proud van
You marshalled in battle—yes, every man?
The magnet that led them through storm and through strife,
Was a mother, a sister, a sweetheart, or wife,
Each closely enshrined in his heart like a pearl,
And yet each fair image was "only a girl!"
It was only a girl that Deity chose
To incarnate the Christ; the story in prose
Sweeps down through the ages like stars through the night,
To illumine the world with its God-given light;
'Twas only frail women that wept at the tomb,
And talked with the angels when Jesus had gone,
And women that bore the glad tidings to men
That Christ, the beloved, had risen again;
'Twas only a girl, in a womanly form,
That steered a brave ship through tempest and storm,
When the captain lay dying—dismayed the whole crew,
That vessel by woman was piloted through;
Still another, more noble, courageous, and brave,
Saved a burning ship's crew from a watery grave.
In an hour of dire peril, when every breath
Was a prayer, for the breakers were talking with death;
When no man on shore would imperil his life,
This beautiful girl in her beautiful faith
Gave humanity one hand—the other to God;
And landed them safe on the briny-washed sod;
There still is another as true and as brave,
Whose youth, strength, and beauty are given to save
The aqueous travelers whose barques would strand
On ocean jagged rocks and bars of sand,
Without her beacon-light, outshining far,
As if God had let down a guiding star,
And trusted it so fraught with life and death,
To a weak girl, but strong in holy faith.
Her name's a household word on land and sea—
The lovely Ida Lewis—pure and free;
But countless numbers like a torrent rush
Into my mind—I see God's burning bush,
And by its light I gather gems and pearls
In every age and clime, once "only girls."
Go to the reeking battle-fields of yore
And read the records, writ in human gore,
Of woman's valor, mercy, courage, love,
And point me to one name that's carved above
The name of woman in such deeds as these,
And I will pray to Heaven, on bended knees,
That every child henceforth may be a boy,
That every father's heart may leap with joy;
But ere in scorn you breathe "only a girl!"
Look lest you cast aside the greater PEARL.

We are in receipt of Lois Waisbrooker's new book. Nothing like it. It is readable, and well worth the price asked for it. When we have time to read it carefully we will give a more extended notice of it. So far as we have read it speaks well for the authoress.

A lady friend of ours who has read it says it has but one fault, and that is its continued warfare on married life. If this be true, we object to it, for we believe in monogamy, and not in promiscuity. The book is published by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner Providence street, Boston, Mass. Bound in cloth, 12mo, 336 pages, \$1.50, postage 18c. We will take orders for the book.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

Readers, we are now in our 31st number and second volume. A paper free from noxious advertisements, full of reading matter, and devoted to Spiritualism. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers. Do not fail to subscribe for it. Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

Will our exchanges please direct their papers as below, and oblige THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK:

X THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

Have we offended the *Spiritual Scientist*, or is it dead? What is the matter, we have not seen it for four weeks?

We sell the "New Gospel of Health," by Andrew Stone, M.D.; 519 pages; cloth, \$2.50, postage 35c.; paper covers, \$1.25, postage 25c. Every family in the land ought to buy this book. It is a treasure; send for it. Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

From the Ladies Own Magazine.

ROOM FOR WOMAN.

BY A. E. RICHMOND.

Room for woman among the earth's broad acres! Room for her to work with heart and hand and brain in every avenue and highway, where the finger of Providence may point, or the beck of nature may bid her. Room for her to work out, nobly and bravely, a competence, an independence it may be, for herself and the helpless ones clinging to her. Room for her to exercise all her God-given faculties in whatever fields they may call her to, whether it may be to gather flowers by the wayside, or to blast the great rocks on the mountain-top. If only she be nerved for the work, let no man dare to stand in the way.

This age has thrust great responsibilities in the face of woman, greater far than came to our quiet old grandmothers, quietly spinning at their cottage doors, while the rumble of the great world sounded on outside, unheard and uncared-for. How shall the young woman of to-day, fresh from the college or academy where she has passed the same severe course of study as her brothers, discussed with them the great questions of the times, and waked up to feel that even woman is no longer a unit in God's creation, how shall she, if she be a thinking woman, dare to push aside these responsibilities that are laid at her feet, and say, "This is none of my work; let man shoulder it." And if man will not shoulder it, and some woman, with her keener intuition and quicker perception, hears the voice of the Eternal, saying, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," shall she dare to answer, "I go not; there is my brother, send him?"

How many of us are there who stand accountable for "talents folded in a napkin"—unused talents, forgotten talents, pushed aside, trampled under foot, when they might have helped to make the world beautiful, and bear a blessing to some poor benighted soul! Some wrong we might have righted, some song we might have sung, some burden we might have lifted, some words we might have said. But the song is unsung and the words are all unspoken, and we have "lost the glory of our day." Our hands have been full of our ruffling and fluting, our fashionable foibles and fooleries, and the gifts that might have borne us up to heaven, on wings like the eagles, lie neglected in the dust.

Who will say that Felicia Hemans was not a nobler woman and a truer mother for the great gift of song that welled up in her soul? Who will say that Anna Dickinson is not keener in her sympathies, more lofty in her inspirations, and more tender in her nature, for the stand she has taken on the American platforms? But it may be said all women have not great gifts. Then let her fall in where she can work best, whether to glean in the stubble fields, or to bind sheaves for the harvestmen. How many women are there to-day standing empty-handed among the reapers "because no man hath hired them," or because their place in the great harvest-fields is filled by those who should be out on life's war-paths; by men in finger-rings and bosom-pins, flirting their scented handkerchiefs, while without, wandering vainly from street to street, petitioning humbly for a place to labor, stand, with their pale faces, women with heart and brain and skill, who might fill these places better, so much better; only they are women.

Not many months ago, we lighted upon a

young lady at one of the hotels, a graduate of one of our colleges, who had waded long and toilsomely through a tedious course of study at her own expense, and now asked the privilege of "working at the oars," but after traversing the whole length and breadth of one of our northern cities, to obtain a place as clerk or book-keeper, found a rebuff at every door, "places all filled," while at every corner she was met by hosts of starched and perfumed young swells, exchanging glances with one another from behind their piles of ribbons and laces, and enjoying the discomfort of the noble girl who, in nature and education, stood leagues above them. This is an every day tale. Where are the philanthropists who will shoulder this responsibility, and in the earth's great harvest-fields make room for woman?

For the Spiritualist at Work.

GOING HOME FROM WORK.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Tired men have passed my window for the last hour, with their faces set homewards. Nearly every one carried something in their hands or arms; perchance a tin pail, emptied of its life-sustaining store, some boards, shavings, or provisions, something to help in the home.

These men are our producers, our mechanics of various kinds. They are our working men, working their way through life. They have a mission to fill, and nobly are they filling it. These toiling men of head and hands are the brave helpers of the world; they suggest, plan, and execute, while the idlers and grumblers, the thriftless, beggars and so-called cream of society, lazily live and float, anyhow and anyway, at the expense of the true producers, the makers of the honey of success and happiness.

To the men of labor, life is sweet, earnest, and real; they have no time for vain murmurings or useless regrets, they are toiling for loved ones who are dependent upon them, and if, in the going home, these men of muscle, these men of honest toil, can anticipate the love-light beaming from eyes who wait their coming at quiet eventide, so much quicker beats the heart as home is neared.

All over this beautiful city are the homes of the working-men, who in the great hive of industry, have earned for themselves homes, and have beautified them, each according to the cultivation of the reigning soul within.

Going home! what a rest in the word home, for, be it ever so homely, or ever so lowly, it is suggestive to the owner. Life has many burdens for each and every one to bear, and it behooves us all to bear our part willingly and cheerfully, to avoid the angry word, to give cheer to those who for our sakes, shoulder the heavy crosses of care, that we may enjoy some of the luxuries of life, to give hope, to have faith, and live out our true natures, in spite of those who fain would despise the working-men, their wives and sisters.

Work to the honest toiler is sweet, though often laborious, and in these days the recompense is meager, but justice is not to the deserving because greed and monopoly are in the ascendancy at present; but, working-men, your day is yet to come; each act, each nail driven, each brick laid, each effort made to carry out the programme marked out for you, the remuneration is reserved for you. Justice shall be meted out to everyone as his works do merit.

Going home to-night, weary with care, oppression, and low wages, with a hard winter before you; by-and-bye, you will be going home through the change called death, there to learn why shadows more than sunshine dimmed your earthly pathway; why you were poor and your master rich; there to learn the mysteries of life, and mount the steps of progression, leading upward and onward through cycles of rolling eternities.

Adrian, Sept. 24.

To his remarkable discoveries of Buddhist remains at Bharhut, Gen. Cunningham has now added the discovery of the site of Kapilavaster, the scene of the early life of Gautama Buddha. The ruins of three separate stupas have been made out, and among them has been found an inscription on brick supposed to be older than the time of Asoka.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God; and secret passages, running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with intelligences, which strengthen and console them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.—*Longfellow.*

The very tide that sweeps us along requires at least occasional strokes on our part to keep to the surface.

Love in all its shapes implies sacrifices. Much must be conceded, much endured, if we would love.

When we read we fancy we could be martyrs, when we come to act we cannot bear a provoking word.—*Hannah More.*

No one should be satisfied who is not daily adding to his stores of knowledge, and at the same time increasing his facility in using what he has.

The animal heat of bees is greater than is generally supposed. Dr. Kurtland, the distinguished apiarian, says that the heat arising from fifty-two of his hives standing under a shed, was sufficient to melt the snow upon the roof.

Dr. Franklin introduced broom corn into this country. While examining an imported corn whisk, he discovered a single seed, which he planted, and from which the corn was propagated.

Five ocean cables now facilitate communication between North America and Europe. The first of those now in working order was laid in 1866, the second in 1869, the third in 1873, the fourth in 1874, and the last has lately been completed.

Some bituminous mortar recently brought from the ruins of Babylon has been found to consist largely of pulverized gray limestone, which would indicate that the Babylonians did not know how to burn lime and slake it for mortar, after the modern fashion.

Petroleum springs have lately been discovered in considerable quantity on the Luneburg Heaths, in Northern Germany. The oil, in clearness, purity, and specific weight, is said to be identical with the American rock-oil, and it is almost without smell of any kind.

A worthy Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

A vast subterranean cave was recently discovered, six miles from Sandusky, O. Four men explored it for 400 feet. They found a singular formation of quartz, granite, etc., discovered a petrification alleged to be a man of immense size, and fossilized parts of animals. The rock is limestone. A subterranean lake of soft water was also found. The discovery created great excitement.

A mammoth cave has also been discovered at Bedford, Ind. A party recently went down a distance of seventy feet, and then an incline of thirty feet, and found themselves in a chamber, eighty by one hundred and fifty feet in area and one hundred high. An entrance into another apartment was blocked up, but a thorough exploration is soon to be made.

A DISABLED VESSEL NAVIGATED BY A WOMAN.

A vessel which arrived at this port last Friday, brought the intelligence that the bark Rebecca Crowell, which left New York, March 6th, for Buenos Ayres, became disabled during a severe gale three days after leaving here. Several of the spars and sails were carried away and the Captain and first mate were injured to such an extent that they were confined to their berths throughout the rest of the voyage and rendered incapable of managing the vessel. There was no other person on board except the Captain's wife who understood navigation, and she undertook the task of conducting the bark to its point of destination. The second mate was a young man twenty years old, able to take the helm but ignorant of the process of making observations.

The woman then assumed the command of the vessel, boxed the compass, took observations, ascertained the latitude and longitude, maintained her place upon the bridge and directed the course of the vessel. After exercising control for fifty-eight days, during which the vessel encountered violent gales and shipped heavy seas, the Captain's wife, worn out and exhausted with her labors, conducted the vessel with its valuable cargo safely into the port of Buenos Ayres. A purse was made up for her on her arrival.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MARRIED,

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Sept. 28, 1875, by Capt. H. H. Brown, Wm. H. Andrews, M.D., of Calamus, Ia., and Mrs. A. V. Edgerton, M.D., late of Milwaukee, Wis.

The above are two public mediums and physicians, well known in Iowa and parts of Ill. and Wis. Mrs. Edgerton-Andrews still proposes to use her mediumship as heretofore, and thus, by uniting their powers, the cause has gained. They contemplate visiting the East professionally before long, and I bespeak for them a cordial reception as worthy mediums and workers.

Capt. H. H. B.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical delineations of character. Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN would respectfully announce to the public that she will, upon reception of a letter containing photograph (to be returned), month of birth, age, married or single, animal and flower preferred, give an accurate description of the leading traits of character, with marked changes in past and future life. Terms, \$1 and two postage stamps. Address,

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